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CHECKS

1947

The Florence Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

Massachusetts General Hospital from the air

THE CLASS of 1947

PRESENTS

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL

SCHOOL OF NURSING

J.9.

DEDICATION

It is an honor to be able to dedicate our final efforts to two fine representatives of the School of Nursing. We have had the privilege of having before us during these years both Miss Sally Johnson and Miss Ruth Sleeper, who serve as vital examples of the best in our chosen profession. We feel proud that when we say we are M.G.H. graduates, we will be associated in the minds of all, wherever we may be, with them.

How well we remember the respect incurred in our hearts by Miss Johnson when we met her on our first day in training. Her very presence was commanding, dominating our first months here. As we grew to know her we appreciated even more the fine qualities of our Superintendent—above all her absolute and impartial fairness, her vitality and humor, her willingness to listen and advise. It was with a feeling of personal loss that we heard her announcement last February that she was resigning the post that she had so ably filled for twenty-five years.

Miss Sleeper, despite her new capacity as Director of Nurses is an old friend of ours. She has always impressed us with her gentle dignity, her understanding of the everpresent problems besetting the young student. As a teacher she shows a rare interest in her work which communicates itself to us, so that we leave the classroom with renewed resolve to do our best to be good nurses. Her participation in national nursing problems and the general field of Medical Science makes her a woman widely known as an important part of the nursing world.

We extend our thanks for all that Miss Johnson and Miss Sleeper have done for us, and assure them both a place in our memories of student years.

ADMINISTRATION

"The Powers

Miss Lepper

The Training School Office ór T.S.O. as it is familiarly known is the heart of the School of Nursing.

Here can be found Miss Sleeper our principal. The bench outside her office where one awaits her interviews is famed among M.G.H. students.

In the outer offices our schedules are made up, food books and checks are given out. The many small details of our student life are here administered.

Miss Viden

That Be . . ."

Here we come for approval of student activities. Advice on nursing and personal problems can be found.

In short, the action for any grievance, the solution to any problem, the support for any cause is sought after and usually found in T.S.O.

It is here that the Administrative-Student bonds are strengthened.

Miss Hardeman

Miss Fraser

Nursing Department

One of our first contacts with teaching at M.G.H. is Miss Perkins and her Nursing Arts Department.

During our period of "probation" we sit and listen with awe to the theory of bedside nursing care.

Shortly afterward we struggle to put this theory to practical use in the Nursing School Classroom—still under their watchful eyes. As we gradually master techniques and apply them in our ward work it is to this department that we look for that nod of approval.

Science Department

Knowledge of chemistry, anatomy, pharmacology, microbiology, and all the other mysterious sciences is slowly and surely made our own through the efforts of Miss Sherwin and the staff of the Science Department.

From our Probie Days until all classes are completed and requirements passed this department guides our progress and complements our ward duty to give us a full preparation upon which to build as nurses of the future.

Supervisors

When we were very young, we didn't know much about supervisors. Oh, we saw somewhat familiar, although unnamed, white figures appear on the ward, during our few hours of duty, armed with looseleaf notebooks of some mysterious "day reports." Four months of ignorance, and then when we started full time duty the nebulous characters began to assume definite forms and personalities. During those understaffed, wartime years, when for an hour or two there might be only young students on the ward, it was with mingled awe and relief that we would see approaching Miss Dowling, Miss Bates or another. It was perhaps on our first evenings of relief, and our first night duties, that we most appreciated these women. "Supervisor, please, for 480," and soon "This is Miss Pooles, or Miss Hinkley, or another,"—quietly assuming the responsibility for the great or small problem that was ours. Theirs is a great responsibility. To have at their fingertips sufficient knowledge of all patients; name, diagnosis, and general condition so that they may accurately judge the situation as it is communicated to them by telephone. Some of us may aspire sometime, here or elsewhere, to fill a like position. These women have been our examples, and have taught us more than they can realize.

STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS

SNCA

GLEE CLUB.

S.N.C.A.

S.N.C.A. Officers

The S.N.C.A. is the mouthpiece of the entire student body. Through this organization we are able to make our needs and desires known. In many instances we have had privileges granted through cooperation between students and faculty. Mass meetings where each member of the student body may voice her opinion on pertinent conditions relative to student life socially, professionally and in relation to living conditions mark the beginning of each semester. Monthly meetings are attended by the representatives from each class and the standing committees to discuss and act upon conditions as they arise. It is only through the interest and active participation of each student that the progression of our student government has been successful under the organization started in 1945 and continued interest is necessary to maintain this success.

Dormitory and Judiciary

In every government designed for the welfare of an entire student body there must be some organization to control and enforce the necessary regulations. The Dormitory Board in cooperation with the Judiciary Board serves these purposes. The students' viewpoints concerning their infringements on government and house rules are brought before these boards and appropriate penalties are meted out.

Judiciary Board

Dormitory Board

Checks Staff

Checks

As the days of training grow fewer, most of us foresee the nostalgia for student life that ensues at the close of this part of our education. In order to remember the highlights of these three years at M.G.H., we bring together the recollections of each class in the form of our yearbook, *Checks*. Between these covers we hope to include all the familiar faces and all the places we have come to know and love here at M.G.H.

Drawsheet

The *Drawsheet* as the name implies, is the nurses' newspaper. Thanks to its hard-working staff it comes to us once monthly bringing us news of past and current events. The humor, ambitions, and pathos of everyday life in a hospital are cleverly edited and give us a common means of expression. With so many of our classmates away on senior affiliations, the *Drawsheet* has been very helpful by publishing parts of letters, thus giving us news from far corners of the country. It is completely our student monthly.

Drawsheet Staff

Sports Club

The Sports Club is one of our newest organizations. Started in the spring of 1946, its aim is to give the students an organized recreational program. The club sponsors picnics, bowling and skating parties and many other activities. Many of us will remember with great delight the good times we had on many of these occasions and we hope that those who take our places will find as much enjoyment in belonging to the sports club as we have had.

Candlelight Service

One evening during the Christmas season the Glee Club presents for families and friends the annual Candlelight Service. Walking in a candlelit procession the Glee Club takes its place in the rotunda and renders carols and other familiar Christmas music, bringing the Yuletide spirit to audience and choristers alike.

Early Christmas morning, the students who are on duty meet in the Brick Corridor and then go from ward to ward singing Christmas songs for the patients who must spend the holiday here with us.

SENIOR SECTION

Class Officers

Theresa McManus
President

Judith Bright
Vice-President

Glenna Clarke
Secretary

Ann Walsh
Treasurer

Valedictory

At last the time has come for the class of 1947 to join the profession of nursing, a profession which holds opportunities unequaled in most fields of public service open to women. For you, the members of the class, this year is an ending and a commencement. It is the end to three years of preparation and the beginning of a new and satisfying life.

Entrance into professional life, like entrance into a new country, requires both passport and visa. The passport is required to secure formal admission into the profession; the visa is an additional endorsement of acceptability as a broadly trained, and capable practitioner. The diploma will be your passport. It will be yours because you have studied and worked to achieve it. The visa will be yours, a precious heritage, because you chose to enter a school whose parent hospital is known and respected throughout this country and in many countries throughout the world. Over the years, the reputation of "M.G.H." has been built by the high standards and outstanding achievements of men and women from all Hospital Services. Now, you, who have studied and worked in the same wards where these great men and women worked, have inherited the benefits of the reputation they have built. This reputation is the endorsement, a visa on your diploma. It verifies your clinical preparation as sound and broad, it recommends you as one ready to give the newest and best in nursing care, it bespeaks for you opportunities for service and study, it paves the way for a satisfying personal life. It may, by its inherent values, also challenge you in return to contribute your measure to the greatness of the Hospital and School of Nursing. As this contribution may be the result of unusual ability in research or eminence in education, or the result of every day conscientious effort to do well that work which needs to be done, every graduate is privileged to do her share.

Preparation and recommendation you now possess! Opportunities of all kinds lie before you; nursing at home and abroad, institutional and public health positions, the chance to earn, and the chance to learn. All these are yours, and more. For there is too the opportunity of citizenship in a world which needs the understanding of women, the knowledge of the health worker, the strength of youth. Your School stands behind you, your career lies before you. What you make of it depends now upon you.

Ruth Sleeper

February

JOAN ALLEN
Purvis St., North Sydney, Nova Scotia

Allen or Allen it's so confusing—but not her future plans—Canada here she comes.

ELIZABETH ANDERSON
117 Fountain St., Pawtucket, R. I.

That Rhode Island accent—freezing in the lower bunk at Parkman,—valuable money maker for the class—sports a black band.

ALICE JEANE BARKER
2921 Van Buren Ave., Ogden, Utah

"Do you call those mountains?" Well remembered as president of SNCA, for stable hairdos, and her willingness to help.

JEAN BARROWS
Marivista Ave., Falmouth, Mass.

Tiny waist—love of Pepsi, Falmouth and Molasses—has anyone noticed more frequent trips home lately? Haircuts by Hall.

RENA BATTISTONE
353 Grinnell St., Fall River, Mass.

That Woodbury complexion—those long curly black lashes—Always in the mood for food or fun—looks like a fashion plate from *Harper's*.

MARJORIE BLACKWELL
496 Bedford St., E. Bridgewater, Mass.

Gorgeous red hair—looks well in all her many hairdos—wide circle of friends proclaim her good-natured wit.

Section

AUGUSTA CHRISTOPHER

50 Boston Ave., Somerville, Mass.

Always in a hurry—rarely seen without Ginnie—Spent last six months on Vet. affiliation—it sounded wonderful.

GLENNA CLARKE

9A Jackson St., Attleboro, Mass.

"No it's not a permanent"—unbounding energy—undaunted sense of humor—plugs a mean piano—Usually seen with Tedie.

ELIZABETH DAME

57 Woodruff Ave., Wakefield, Mass.

Slender, tender and tall—Bette of the smooth pageboy and the groovy boogie woogie.

BARBARA DAVIS BRODIE

29 Lee Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Energetic, ambitious, never an idle moment—Dakota will long be remembered not only as a cadet affiliation.

THERESA DONOVAN McMANUS

811 Hale St., Beverly Farms, Mass.

The other half of the gold dust twins—likes sailing—Beverly Farms—yellow slickers and baggy sweaters.

DOROTHY DRURY

319 Newton St., Waltham, Mass.

Famous for her luscious blond looks—the essence of good nature—always ready to join the current doings. Don't you ever get mad?

MARTHA FAULKNER

150 Court St., Keene, N. H.

A scintillating sense of humor—a gift for mimicry which is unexcelled—an outstanding hit in the senior play.

BARBARA FISHER

142 Cabot St., Newton, Mass.

Good things come in small packages —Enjoys snapping pictures in her free time—Williams the centre of interest at the moment.

DOROTHY GHISELLINI

9 Mt. Vernon St., Charlestown, Mass.

Quiet, unassuming—professional dignity personified—an AI nurse—"Life begins at home" for "Dottie."

VICTORIA GORDON

12 Alder St., Bristol, Conn.

Beloved Brooklyn — dates galore — sense of humor proved valuable during McLean Affiliation—fond of the classics.

BARBARA GRANT

32 Ridlon St., Hyde Park, Mass.

Barbie usually sports an ecchymosis— or a bump—we all remember her accent—her bubbly laugh—California here comes Grant.

BARBARA GRAY

477 East St., Walpole, Mass.

Always has that "just stepped out of a band box" appearance—spends free time in N.Y. state.

ANN HALL

3 Knowlton Sq., Gloucester, Mass.

Oh, that Titian hair—up in the air in a Piper Cub—always ready to make a fourth at bridge—"P" House has possibilities.

PATRICIA HALLENBECK

R.F.D. No. 2, Hudson, N. Y.

Ski jump nose—twinkling brown eyes—hair that is never a problem—Arizona was such fun!

RUTH HARKINS

116 Brookfield Rd., Winthrop, Mass.

Definite ideas on all subjects—escapades during her senior year that we'll all remember.

MARGARET HARRINGTON

Hillsboro, N. H.

Guided her probies through the mysteries of the sciences—able photographic editor of CHECKS—busy and gay social life too.

JANE HUDSON HINMAN

1561 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A quiet lass—spends her off duty time reading the latest "who done it". Most happy when she has week-end time.

VIRGINIA HUMPHRIES

147 Main St., Andover, Mass.

That prodigious appetite and she still looks lean and hungry—a most distinctive accent—gorgeous summer tans.

DOROTHY JAMROCK

98 Beech St., Holyoke, Mass.

Tall and slender—always has tales of her latest doings to amuse us—Difficulties balancing her meal ticket budget.

HELEN KING

56 Old Concord Rd., West Concord, Mass.

That wonderful laugh—the best audience for a joke that we know—her male acquaintances innumerable—her female friends include all of us.

ANNA KRAUNELIS

Box 441, Harrisville, R.I.

She wears a pair of silver wings—hysterics at midnight—remember her flannel p'j's—affiliation on B3 and her love of Harrisville.

MARGARET KRIMMEL

225 West 8th St., Erie, Pa.

Penn's gift to M.G.H.—likes dating, dancing—a hand of bridge—favorite habitat one of our nearby restaurants.

DOROTHEA LAIRD

80 Newbern Ave., Medford, Mass.

The beauty of our class—we think—likes dancing, sailing, black dresses—sweet sophistication itself—loves late gab fests.

ANNIA LOWE

162 Elm St., New Bedford, Mass.

Vivacious, witty, versatile, likes red, Pops, sailing,—a phone call, a date and twenty minutes later she's off.

JANE MANUEL

9 Bay View Rd., Durham, N. H.

"Let me SLEEP"—hilarious laughter and Jane is sure to be in the centre—game for anything—McLean was the ideal life.

PRISCILLA MARCHANT

58 Concord St., Maynard, Mass.

"Pussie", the small girl with the rosy cheeks and the irrepressible laugh. Future plans promise an interesting career in far off lands.

MARY McGRADY

2 Boyd Park Terr., Watertown, Mass.

"Mac" always full of vim, vigor and vitality—keeps knitting needles handy at all times for those idle moments.

MARY MELLEDY

96 Bacon St., Waltham, Mass.

Short black hair—a ready smile, limping on duty after first horseback session—those long, long corridors at Hines.

KATHERINE MOLANDER

47 Elmwood St., W. Somerville, Mass.

Petite, blonde and always in a hurry—shoe string bands by the dozens—always has a mail box full to overflowing.

CATHERINE MONAGHAN

242 Spruce St., Manchester, N. H.

A strong minded lass who'll defend her opinions in any argument—off to N.Y. and the Marines for an exciting last six months.

HELEN NATTI

1142 Washington St., Gloucester, Mass.

Hails from Cape Ann—could make even the great stone face giggle and you should see her at the Finnish hops.

VALERIE PAYNE

80 West Main St., Westboro, Mass.

Val is one of the nicest parts of the lend lease bill—likes music—earrings—lots of people—meeting new friends.

BESSIE PEARSON

21 Oak St., Exeter, N. H.

Bess with her sparkling smile and merry dimples—lucky Bickie—can be seen almost any night at Minnie's—burns lots of midnight oil.

RITA PLUMMER

12 Upland Rd., Stoneham, Mass.

Shining black curls—sans effort—you don't need an alarm clock when Rita's around—Ask the girls at North Grove.

ADELAIDE PLUMSTEAD

813 New Britain Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Another striking blonde—nice figure, nice clothes and nice manner, always just read the latest best seller.

JUNE PROVENCAL

4 Garean St., Ware, Mass.

"Pinky" with her infectious laugh—smart quips—and witty stories is always the centre of a laughing group.

ANN RANDALL

419 Lincoln Ave., Portsmouth, N. H.

One of our most ardent post office devotees—beaming smile heralds the arrival of letters from Tenn.—one of lucky few who can always look professional.

ESTHER READE

27 Belvidere St., Boston, Mass.

Reserved and dignified—most of the time—height of ambition a school orchestra—helped run Wh7 most efficiently.

LOUISE ROBERTS

Damariscotta, Maine

Still remembered for her aquatic friends, exciting cab rides and weekends in Providence—fun and explorations in Arizona.

LOUISE ROSA

South Ryegate, Vermont

So quiet until you get to know her—another of Minnie's steadies—Can hardly wait to get back to her beloved hills.

SHIRLEY SABINS

Riverside, Walpole, N. H.

Versatile entertainer—has not one but many talents—Where there's Shirley there's Ann—Path is such an interesting subject.

ANNA SCHULTZ

Eckland, Penn.

Tall blonde and lovely—rarely home evenings—she and Maggie off for an evening of fun.

DOROTHEA SHATTUCK

Devon Lane Farm, Belchertown, Mass.

Another of our "five year" students but she loves every minute of it. Has a noticeable weakness for red heads.

MINNIE SHERMAN

58 Liberty Ave., W. Somerville, Mass.

An attractive hairdo that puzzles many—favorite color lavender—writes the longest letters on record.

RITA SHUTTS

Box 529, Hillsboro, N. H.

Rita's favorite hobby, eating—how does she keep that figure—McLean supplied plenty of laughs.

DOLORES SODERSTON

So. Main St., Gorham, N. H.

Appreciates the finer things in music and art—clothes that make us green with envy—N. Y. week-ends no novelty.

FLORENCE SOJKA

178 L St., Turners Falls, Mass.

A small blonde miss that's never idle—likes roller skating, dancing, having fun, and her precious probies.

SALLY THORNDIKE

6 Central St., E. Bridgewater, Mass.

Long lashes—over flirtatious eyes—ear rings—bangles—SLEEP—"sub-til" humor—Thorndike tongue.

VIRGINIA TOPOLSKI

164 Laurel Pl., Bridgewater, Conn.

Enjoys good books, plays, discovering for herself the highways and byways of Boston—different shoes—spends long evenings talking it all over.

MARY WALLACE

4 Winthrop St., West Concord, Mass.

As conscientious as they come—spark plug of the Seton Club—thinks B M2 is the ideal ward—watches diligently over her probies.

ANN WALSH

1373 Quincy Shore Blvd., Quincy, Mass.

"Why? How come? But what for?" our eternal quiz kid enjoys people, amusing jokes, most sports—she may look angelic but deviltry lurks in her eyes.

MARYOLA WARREN

15 Chestnut St., Brattleboro, Vt.

Gay, friendly, full of laughter—and sympathy, a ready tease—likes skirts and jackets, country life, the hills of home.

BARBARA S. WATSON

39 High St., Rockport, Mass.

If she likes something it's really nice—crazy about skiing—lobstering, N.H. and Rockport—her stride is a dead give-away—her smile a vision to behold.

YVONNE WITHERS

Smith St., North Rehoboth, Mass.

Has been missed around these parts the past six months—lucky Norfolk and the veterans—it was fun we hear.

MARJORIE WOOD
Groton School Rd., Ayer, Mass.

Who hasn't heard Marj's infectious giggle—rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes—always ready for a good time if she's awake.

July Section

PHYLLIS ASHTON
43 Doyle St., Lawrence, Mass.

"As merry as the day is long." A funny word—a tricky step—a trip to Hampton—all remind us of our petite Phil; may she continue to charm as many hearts as she has here at M.G.H.

DORIS BELCOURT
588 South Main St., Woonsocket, R. I.

"Promise is most given when least is said." Quiet manner at work—petiteness—soft voice—a sympathetic manner—these are Doris.

ROSAMUND CLARKE
Warren Hillman Hill, Raymond, N. H.

"Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall." Her winning ways—her gracious manner—are the things we shall long remember.

PAULINE COLE
Howland, Maine

"My hopes are high, my heart is proud." A wonderful pal during the past three years—plans a wife and mother career—who could be more successful?

FRANCES CREEDEN

269 Locust St., Danvers, Mass.

"And shows you laughing lip and roguish eyes." The flash of brown eyes—the straight stature—a ready smile—an oft mentioned name—.

SYLVIA DELFINO

202 Jewett St., Providence, R. I.

"I shall go softly all my years." A broad and genuine smile—a readiness to assist—a quiet and unassuming manner . . . added together make Sylvia.

BARBARA DUGAN

95 West St., Milford, Mass.

"Such piles of curls as nature never knew." Beautiful brown curls—wry jokes—an independent manner—ideas that are all her own!

MARGARET FRANCESKETTI

8 Highland St., West Newton, Mass.

"It is thy very energy that keeps thee" —Exuberant—bouyant—energetic, ever thoughtful; Peg's happy ways add a merry note to many a long and weary hour.

DOROTHY GASS

43 Congress St., Greenfield, Mass.

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart." Her efficiency and neatness and method of work stand out—a professional ideal we all long to imitate!

CHARLOTTE GATES

8 Monument Sq., Charlestown, Mass.

"Life is real, life is earnest—" She is earnest—oh, yes—but her giggle! Long will our corridors echo to it.

JOAE GRAHAM

223 Slade St., Belmont, Mass.

"Unto the pure all things are pure!" An almost unbelievable naivete and sincerity put Joae among the unique—as an artist she displayed both her ability and her willingness to help.

JEAN GREIM

36 Bond St., Marlboro, Mass.

"Sing away sorrow, cast away care!" A sweet voice, a lilting melody—a manner that has charmed many—stories of McLean guaranteed to get laughs.

CHARLOTTE HAMMOND

Newington, N. H.

"Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen." Who said that red hair and cool manner didn't exist in the same person—what? Oh, well—one must sometimes break the calm.

JANET HAMRE

26 East Main St., Branford, Conn.

"The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men." She's blonde—somewhat mysterious—interesting—cheeriness and a joking manner lead many to seek Jan when they feel blue.

CATHERINE HERRICK

Blue Hill, Maine

"Wise to resolve, patient to perform." Stable—ever willing Katy—plans for the future include a Pharmacist.

FRANCES IVENY

Northeast Harbor, Maine

"To eat, drink, and be merry." I'm hungry—let's eat—it was a wonderful evening—these phrases come frequently from tiny lovable Jinx.

POLLY JAQUES

280 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

"Thy wit is very bitter sweeting, it is a most bitter sauce." She's a wit—all our halls are ringing yet with laughter—should be made a permanent part of 3 AM tea—how much happier "night" life then!

JANET JOHNSTON

301 Westford St., Lowell, Mass.

"For gentleness and love and trust—." For our money Jan is the girl to succeed—who has a sweeter disposition—a livelier sense of humour?

SIRRKA KOSKINEN

45 Brooks St., Maynard, Mass.

"All comes to him who will but wait." Blonde and beautiful—cool and collected—efficient and ever willing helpmate of student and head nurse alike.

ESTHER LANE

45 Vincent Ave., Belmont, Mass.

"Joyous as morning." Vivacious—happy-go-lucky—always a welcome addition—her enthusiasm overwhelms us—McLean was like coming home.

CAROLYN LUCE

Readfield, Maine

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways." Living in a land of her own—we who know her know how pleasant is this land—Happy days at U. of M., Lucy.

IRENE McANDREW

R.F.D. No. 1, Barre, Vt.

"To one who has been long in city pent—" M.G.H. has certainly changed Mac—all for the better, too—always ready to express her views—or to help out a friend.

BARBARA McDONALD

75 Wilmot Rd., Hamden, Conn.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may—" Our Bobbie intrigues us all—her indifferent attitude belies deep feelings—telephone calls beyond number.

MARIE MORRISSETTE

28 Pleasant St., Franklin, N. H.

A smooth exterior—a restless soul—a whiz of a nurse and a gal to watch.

DOROTHY MOYNIHAN

13 Cook St., Holyoke, Mass.

"I too am a rare pattern." Our redheaded "cuddlebunny" whose room was never empty—her words of wisdom seldom fell on deaf ears.

M. JEAN MURRAY

43 State St., Augusta, Maine

"For I am master of my fate." A Bohemian through and through—the dramatic intrigues her—her zest for life is infectious. As our editor she did a wonderful job.

BETTY PAYNE

150 Percival St., Portland, Maine

"Tender are thine eyes, and true." First a cookbook—then a telephone call—now a cigarette—then obstetrics—is this the Betty of '44?

RUTH PEKKALA

17 Warren St., Maynard, Mass.

"And why am I so plump, the reason I'll tell—Who leads a good life is sure to live well."

ROSAMOND PELOQUIN

Campbellford, Ontario, Canada

"A sight of you is good for sore eyes." Tall, dark, and beautiful—Roz—an understanding nature, comforting words—small, hardly noticed courtesies—many thanks for all of them.

VIRGINIA SELLERS

17 Rice St., Brookline, Mass.

"To friends a friend." A golden coronet of braids—a happy smile—"What can I do to help," a familiar phrase.

HARRIET SMALL

17 Sycamore Terr., Somerville, Mass.

"The quiet mind is richer than a crown." A helping hand from "Smallie" is one of the things we can always depend on—even in this ever changing world.

ELSIE TAIT

31 Western Ave., Glens Falls, N. Y.

"So joyous with such a laughing air." Elsie's affiliation on BM4—how she loved it—university to follow graduation.

BARBARA L. WATSON

57 French St., Westwood, Mass.

"Often change doth please a woman's mind." She's there on every occasion—always with a new idea—the soul of Checks-a-Poppin'.

RUTH WHITING

522 South Pleasant St., Amherst, Mass.

"Write me as one who loves his fellowmen." Remember McLean?—do you ever think of yourself?—always planning or doing something for someone.

September

H. JEAN ALLISON
West Haven, Conn.

"You alone are you." Can this be our erstwhile teacher, this effervescent nurse? Never at loose ends—likes anything and everything that spells fun and a good time.

MARY ANDERSON
19 Russell Ave., Watertown, Mass.

"Always fun to be with." Sweet and quiet with an impish way—weekending at Andy's is something to remember.

HELEN ASIALA
Vinalhaven, Maine

"A lady thou art." Tall, blond, neat—one of the lucky few who always look professional without effort—likes to dance especially at some of our nearby schools.

SHIRLEY BAYLISS
19 Prospect St., East Hartford, Conn.

"Huli." Even glasses can't hide the twinkle in her eye—if it's a day off you're wasting—look up Shirl—you'll be glad you did.

ROSE BEAULIEU
15 Pearl St., Malden, Mass.

Petite—dark—with a great big smile—a very dear friend to all who have the opportunity to know her.

MARGARET BISHOP
253 Crescent St., Northampton, Mass.

"I suppose I could call Mattie." "Taffy" for short—those parties in No. 206—Enviable sense of humor—apt mimic—subtle wit—for fun every second get Peg.

Section

ELAINE BLAISDELL

Skowhegan, Maine

"Will you look at that." Another Maine-iac—an excellent nurse—a personality—a gay smile—always on the go—a dependable friend.

SHIRLEY BOYNTON

North Whitefield, Mass.

"I can't help it if I'm slow." "Diz"—that golden hair—a beauty in blue—even tempered—a good sport—a welcome addition to any group.

JUDITH A. BRIGHT

2095 Park Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

"Indiana—what else"—"Judy—effervescent as champagne—born actress or director —a petite jeune fille—ever young in heart.

JANET BURDETT

11 Library Sq., Dalton, Mass.

"Did you hear the news?" Another Mass. State enthusiast—merry laughter—twinkling eye—mischievous grin—a favorite of all who know her.

RUTH CARLSON

36 Mount Vernon Ave., Melrose, Mass.

"I don't get it." Shining coronet braids—a petite miss—shy—retiring—yet fun to be with anywhere anytime.

GLADYS CULLIVAN

8 Edgehill Rd., Woburn, Mass.

"Quiet, dignified, unassuming." Always ready with a smile when it's needed most. Has wonderful plans for the future.

JUNE DAVISON

27 Glendale Ave., Melrose, Mass.

"Her ways are pleasant, her paths are peace." A charming girl with a charming way—navy blue her favorite color—*Anchors Aweigh* her favorite song.

PATRICIA DAW

59 Glen Rock Ave., Malden, Mass.

"But I can't miss any more time." Bubbling spirits and tumbling laughter—never a dull moment in Pat's young life—sincerely appreciates Mr. Bell's invention.

ALYCE DELITTA

19 Capton St., Attleboro, Mass.

"Joe sent me." Tiny—neat as a pin—spontaneous hilarity—filled with "joie de vivre"—a nice combination of sugar 'n' spice.

NORMA DUNHAM

103 Warren Ave., Boston, Mass.

"By her work you shall know her." A professional air only exceeded by her warm hearted generosity. Ever taste her Mom's cooking? mmmmm!

PATRICIA FOLEY

193 Mount Vernon St., Malden, Mass.

"Let's have a party." A coronet of braids on duty—enviable long hair off duty—her small stature belies her big heart—we're looking forward to more of those parties Pat.

PAULINE FORSLIND

42 Charlemont St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"I'm in luf." Nabnassett and Jack—a beautiful complexion—dreamy blonde hair—M.I.T. favorite hall of yearning.

MARY GARDNER
60 Washington St., Ayer, Mass.

Vivacious—gay—always ready with suggestions for spending off duty time—never at a loss for a quick comeback.

EDNA GIESECKE
R.F.D. No. 1, Rockville, Conn.

"Hines says"—Arthur Murray's best—lives for those happy weekends in Conn. Has definite plans for the future.

JEAN GUSTAFSON
47 Amherst St., Nashua, N. H.

"Oh Brother." A northerner with lush natural curls—a passion for McLean and knitting—she can make argyles that are simply gargoyles.

MARGARET HARRINGTON
82 Third St., Medford, Mass.

"Perseverance personified." Red gold hair with a curl that defies damp weather—a dauntless sense of humor—training on the five-year plan.

BARBARA HOFSTRA
36 Main St., Oakland, R. I.

A dignified Swede—but she has her unbending moments—who hasn't heard Barbie's characteristic giggle across the dining room.

ANITA HUMPHREY
R.F.D. No. 2, Auburn, Mass.

A quiet exterior hides a pleasing personality—mention of Wally brings that faraway look to her eyes.

PHYLLIS HUSSEY

13 Chestnut St., Natick, Mass.

A lanky gal from Natick with soft brown eyes—added glow from third finger left hand—a wonderful listener—anybody got a problem?

MARCIA JONES

Forest Ave., Rumford, Maine

"Anybody want to go to church?" An undying ambition to wear those coveted whites—Has Phil Baker heard of her ability with an accordion??

MARTHA KELLER

119 Lawrenceville St., St. Joseph, Mo.

"Show me." A vital green-eyed lass from Missouri way—a man hater she says—but we often wonder?

MARJORIE KENNEY

79 School St., Sanford, Maine

"I wanna get married." A petite enfante with one major interest in life—plans to trade graduation whites for bridal whites toute suite.

MARJORIE LANDERS

Old Post Road, Cotuit, Mass.

"Sweet and gracious, sincere of heart." Short dark hair that always curls—a pair of understanding eyes—always tops—a professional ideal.

CONSTANCE LeCLAIRE

Miles St., Harwichport, Mass.

"But all I get is freckles." Call her red and watch the sparks fly—loves to trip the light fantastic—ardent advocate of Mass. State—aversion to red in any shape or form—a genius at heart.

CECILE LITTLEFIELD

Chebeague Island, Maine

"It really isn't too bad." Irresistibly drawn to scissors—hobby—giving feather cuts—fascinating accent—wonderful common sense—lends dignity and charm to any gathering.

MARGARET LIZOTTE

Westford Rd., Ayer, Mass.

"But I Don't sleep all the time." Liz with a fascinating smile—gay laughter—subtle humor—wit extraordinaire—loves sleep almost more than anything.

MARGARET MAHER

394 Highland Ave., Malden, Mass.

"I hate the D.K." Slim as a reed—hical diets to no avail—that scrubbed look—gracious, charming—ever ready to lend a helping hand.

THERESE MAHONEY

12 Walnut St., Hyannis, Mass.

"I've been working like a dog." Curly hair—beautiful eyes—eyecatching specs—a firm believer in diets—provided that they are broken at least once a day—Margie—Liz—Tess, "the 3 musketeers."

PHYLLIS MORGAN

165 Toconcke Drive, Hamden, Conn.

"Only one more year." A two-year wait—now it's over and Phil is happy and carefree again. All her future plans need now is the future.

DOROTHY MOTTRAM

20 Washington St., Lawrence, Mass.

"Gentle brave and strong of will." A tiny mite who is always there when you need her—a versatile gal—she can do anything she puts her mind to.

BARBARA PARKER

1073 Main St., Holden, Mass.

"Bob says." Quiet—unassuming—always ready for fun—keep working for that farm—we're with you all the way.

DOROTHY PERRY

37 Linden St., New London, Conn.

"Natch." Always dashing to or from some place—boundless energy—advocate of impromptu hilarity—enviable tan each spring.

MARY POLLARD

50 Rand St., Lynn, Mass.

"What a day." Early to bed, early to rise—those famous bedtime nourishments—conscientious to the *n*th degree—where there's Charlotte there's Mary.

CHARLOTTE POOL

49 High St., Rockport, Mass.

"Anyone seen Mary?" Reigning beauty—a favorite blonde—hearty laughter—a well dressed sophisticate with little girl appeal.

DOROTHY RIDLON

13 Russell St., Charlestown, Mass.

"Exuberant as a bubbling spring." Pep and yet more pep, don't you ever get tired? Oh those never to be forgotten piano sessions.

MARY ROGERS

9 Burton Lane, Hingham, Mass.

"Roger." Musical talent plus—which she tries to hide—firm believer in fun for all always—remember Charles Street?

RENA SCANLON

10 Pleasant St., Spencer, Mass.

"Mirth admit me to thy crew." Statuesque—phobia about O.R.'s—always on the sunny side of the street—always ready with the latest joke.

HELEN SCOTT

1310 West Philadelphia St., York, Pa.

West Virginia hyiar ah come—dates q.n. and prn—Petty gal figure—her heart is far far away.

BEATRICE TAYLOR

376 Main St., Easthampton, Mass.

"Hot pups." An efficient mite—full to overflowing with good humor and wise words.

NATALIE TAYLOR

15 Congdon Ave., Newport, R. I.

A quiet exterior that hides a near genius—a radio voice that's the envy of many—a tireless worker at all times—thanks from all of us, Nat.

ROBERTA TEBBETTS

Cabot, Vermont

A shy grin with every greeting—quiet, but fun—when you get beneath the surface.

HELEN TISKEVICH

191 Weber St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Alice's other half—ready for fun at any time—enjoyed life on the district in spite of blustery winds.

BETSY BELL VAN VOORHIS

Box 14, Nashport, Ohio

"Well kid." From old army stock our Bets is a long-legged lass with a refreshingly dry sense of humor—no gathering is complete without her.

MIRIAM WIGGINS

North Road, Sunapee, N. H.

"I'm so mad." West Point forever—gifted with curly black hair—snapping blue eyes and an infectious giggle—a friend you can count on, ask Pat.

LOIS WYMAN

33 Peach St., South Barre, Mass.

A shiny coronet—an impish grin that spells fun and good humor.

ALYCE ZEISHNER

335 Wilmot Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

"Oh no." Had such fun on the district—made a hit in the senior play—never found without Tisch—and what a pair they make.

Class History

Will we ever forget those cold February morning walks from Charles Street, with the moon mercilessly glinting down on the snow drifts at our feet, early morning roll call at Walcott—those grim uniform inspections, collars that were too stiff or just hadn't been starched, the exquisite agony of learning the procedure for the bed bath or the ether bed-classes in the old laboratory with the walk across Bulfinch lawn to get there—sweltering in the Ether Dome or OPD during mid-summer classes—the awe in which we held our student assistants.

Those were the days (months rather), when we got lost in the endless basement corridors—stood aside for everyone—studied hard and slept the sleep of the exhausted. Our procedure manuals were our guide and bane—and we worried about pharmacology and microbiology—we spent our off duty time at Minnie's consuming oceans of coke.

We got a thrill out of ward work doing up a patient in the morning or doing TPRs in the afternoon—and on inspection day we cleaned bedside tables and utility rooms as if our lives depended on it. We were afraid of doctors and looked to the graduate uniform as an unobtainable ideal.

Final exams, and the relief, as we passed, and of course we got Precaution Techniques and Wanganstien Suction and Hypodermic Injections for our nursing final. We used to chatter in our rooms far into the night about all the wonderful glimpses we had caught of this amazing world. Then came our much longed for caps and with them eight hour duty—we were given ward instruction books—little did we realize the trouble these little black books were going to be—they got lost—weren't in the ward when the supervisor looked and never, never had enough clinic hours in them.

Someone explained case studies, B8, the complications of making a bed with the patient in traction on orthopedics—sterilizers that overflowed just when we were ready to go off duty—Miss Fraser calling us down to have more shots, getting off duty an hour late the night we had an important date. Was it with a sigh of relief that we split apart and went on affiliation?

BLI was usually the first place—we sighed over the babies—were wide-eyed at our first delivery, met and compared notes with other affiliates—hated the food and having PM's again, loved "the penthouse."

Afterward some of us went to Eye and Ear, Children's, Haynes and McLean. As each of us returned from these places tales of all sorts went the rounds at Parkman and North Grove, the troubles one had with "call lists," the doings at Vanderbilt, ambulance call. Time flew by—we got over the shock of our first relief and our first night duties—we even learned to stay awake at morning clinic after nights—eventually we almost learned where the fire equipment was after innumerable fire drills. Came the wonderful change from PM's to long days—but it brought the added problem of how to make six lates last thirty-one nights—try as we might most months we didn't have enough lates. Remember the first cases we scrubbed on in the OR—the junkets that wouldn't junk in the D.K., the crib sides that wouldn't stay up in pediatrics, starch baths in Ward G, observation notes for the amusing happenings at Wyman. Back at the General we settled back into the aid routine—came the glorious day when we were no longer at war—friends came home after long absences in foreign places—the rush to mail boxes became slightly less noticeable—more and more of our classmates sported diamonds and started talking of a career not in the nursing world.

We enjoyed sailing on the Charles—long

walks around the Basin, summer evenings with a cool breeze and a million stars and an Esplanade Concert—tickets to Pops and the Symphony—walking through Scollay Square with its odd collections of jobs—browsing around Boston and its many quaint corners. In the dormitory we had fun gathering in one another's rooms and holding gab fests far into the night—planning our future careers and doing a lot of complaining—in the summer we could be found on the roof—and instructions to "wake me in half an hour to turn over" was a common sight. All of a sudden we were seniors with a white band on our caps. Some of us went West to the Indians and veterans and some of us were student assistants; we had all sorts of interesting little projects. We gave a couple of shows and had a few dances, all a great deal of fun.

Then at last the graduation programme was posted—and the thrill of seeing our names on the list of graduating students—getting ready to appear in whites—making plans to come back to M.G.H. or to seek our fortune in other places. Finally formal graduation, and the solemnity of the occasion in no way dulls the keen appreciation of the fun and excitement we've had these three years, as well as the knowledge that we are well prepared for the nursing profession.

We will always retain our awe of M.G.H. and our respect for its traditions.

May we also remember the joys and satisfactions that have been allowed us.

"A Song for M.G.H."

Her ivied columns rise to meet
The glory of the Bulfinch dome.
Serene, unruffled, beautiful,
She waits to bid us welcome home.
From many lands, o'er many days.
We brought to her our restless youth,
And she with patience took us all
And set us in the way of truth.

Stern Teacher, kindly too, withal,
Who saw the faults we could not hide.
And building on our better selves
She wrought results that shall abide.
What if she gave us arduous toil
She taught us reverence for our work:
To ease the suffering, lighten pain
There is no task we dare to shirk.

Where life and death are side by side
And creeds and races strangely blend,
To share these things from day to day
She helped us each to find a friend.
Oh, Gracious Guardian of our past,
Thy children rise to honor thee
God bless and keep you, M.G.H.
Secure through all the years to be.

LIVING AS WE DO

FROM . . .

. . . TILL

MORN . . .
. . . NIGHT

Senior Banquet

The initial activity toward graduation is the senior banquet. The faculty which has guided us through so many a stormy time in the last three years met with us to share in reminiscence of the past and hopes for the future. True to the traditional desires of any student nurse we all enjoy the sumptuous spread. The talent of our classes is presented for entertainment that represents the fun of living together, here at M.G.H. Living with each other and learning all the intimate thoughts, likes and dislikes of our fellow students leads us to predict the future for each member of the graduating class. Evident in them is humor, affection, and good wishes for each classmate. With an eye to the future we leave with pride in our hospital and many resolutions for the happy life just beginning.

Our Dramatic Attempt

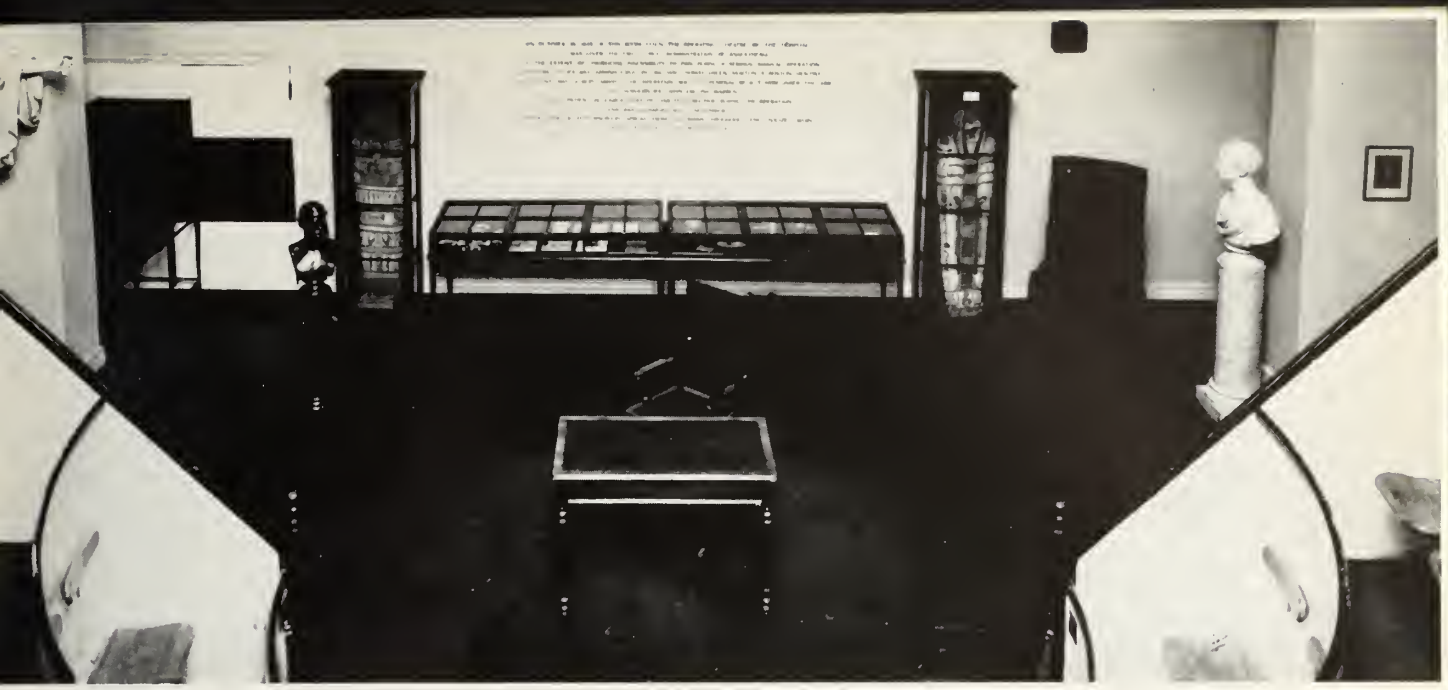
The need for funds for our yearbook created a twofold problem. The money, important as it is, is only incidental when compared to the fun provided for participants and audience alike by our variety show "Checks-a-Poppin". Much latent talent was revealed and the performance will be remembered for its humor, vitality, and originality.

The successor to "Checks-o-Poppin" was our second offering "Schiz-o-Funnia." This series of skits about life as it isn't here at M.G.H. gave us a chance to laugh at ourselves for a change and provided a hilarious evening for all.

Christmas Formal

The climax to the Christmas activities is the Christmas formal which the junior class sponsors. This dance always realizes the expectations of our students as it is one of the gala events of the entire year. With good music, appropriate decorations and an abundance of friends, the dance exemplifies the school's good wishes for a Merry Christmas.

On such gala occasions as the holiday season Walcott Living Room is the scene of much activity in preparation for another party. On Christmas and Thanksgiving we hold "Open House" for all our nurses and their friends. In front of glowing fireplaces we entertain our friends, enjoy refreshments and feel as though the holiday spirit is indeed here with us.



Ether Centennial

A centennial celebration for an event as important to humanity as the discovery and the use of ether as an anesthetic is one in which we all take great interest and pride. 1946 marked the hundredth year since ether was first used successfully here in our ether dome.

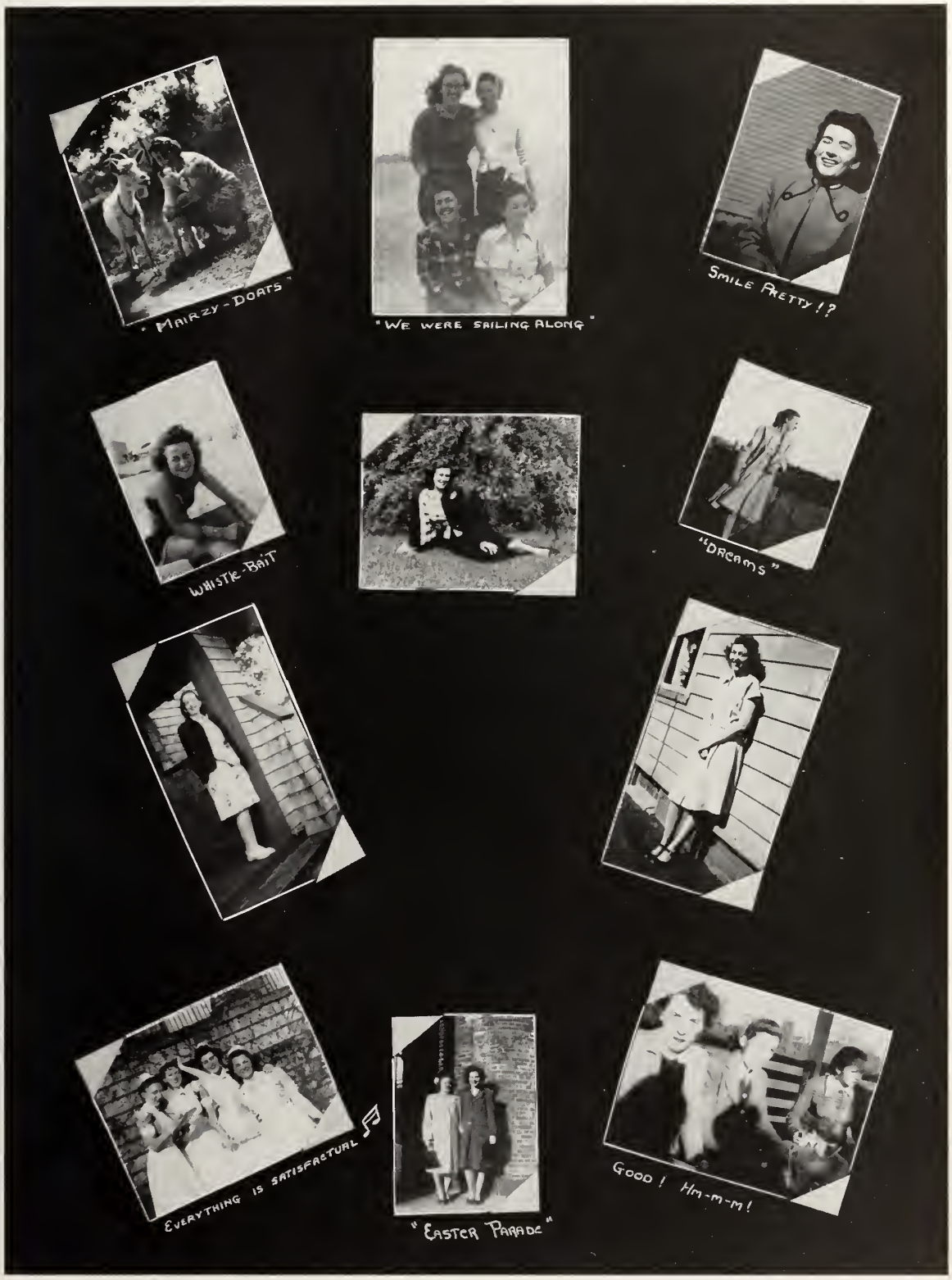
Displays, to commemorate this day in 1846, were exhibited in the brick corridor and in the ether dome. Such interesting and priceless exhibits as the original ether apparatus were viewed by hundreds of the hospital family, their friends, and the general public.

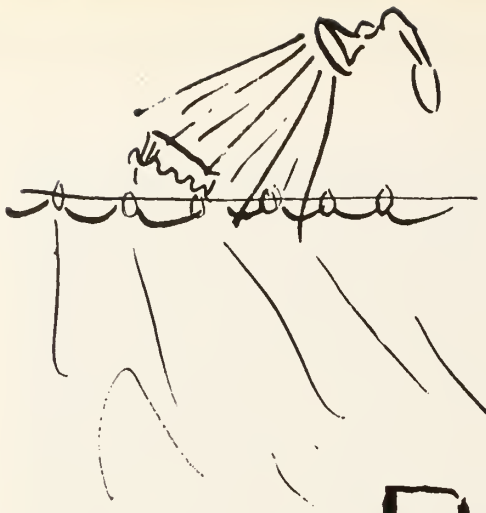
On the Bulfinch lawn, in tents erected for the purpose, notables of the medical world gathered to review the progress in medicine and anesthesia during the past one hundred years. The occasion brought to mind both the shortcomings and the potentialities of our chosen profession and inspired each of us with greater zeal for our daily tasks.

Modern Art — ?
— In Vacant or in Pensive Mood —
Pretending ?
"Rumors are Flying" —
MGH
" The Things We Did Last Summer "
"Who Told You That lie" —
"To Earn His Own" —
Uncle Remus says, " —

SUNNY SIDE UP
SUMMER WONDERLAND
"AND IT'S UP WE'LL GO"
"BABY ME"
PONY EXPRESS?
"GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE"

"Put The blame on —?"
Sunrise Serenade
"Sooner or later"
"A Pal So Good And True"
Route 9 on the Turnpike
Wishful Thinking?


"MAIRZY-DOATS"
"WE WERE SAILING ALONG"
SMILE PRETTY!?
WHISTLE-BAIT
"DREAMS"
EVERYTHING IS SATISFACTURL
"EASTER PARADE"
GOOD! HM-M-M!



OUR HUMAN FAILINGS!

(1)

J.9.

89¢ BACK! I'M RICH!

CLINIC -

BACK TO THE GRIND

IT CAME!

FIRST SCRUB

THE MODEL

J.9.

P.J.

Class Will

Be it never said that we, the class of 1947, of M.G.H. in the city of Boston who came from the distant hinterlands of Utah and Cape Cod, to claim nursing as our career, are stingy. Therefore being of sound mind and body (sound that is), of varied talents and peculiarities, we hereby bequeath to those unfortunate characters whom we are forced to leave behind, the following:

Mary Wallace leaves her lace slip to the blue student who will fill her shoes as student assistant with careful instructions that it must be worn only in THE department.

Dotty Drury regrets that she can leave nothing...she is still paying her breakage fee!

Rita Plummer leaves with the still unanswered question "will the chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?"

Barby Grant bequeaths a cow catcher to Dr. Yatsu with which to avoid further accidents and collisions in E.W.

The bag of wet mice inherited by the Path lab was left by Shirley Sabins to counteract the loss of Sammy.

Peg Harrington leaves her Ipana smile to Joan Kiley.

Ruthie Harkins leaves numerous wrist-restraints to future night nurses on BM3.

Ann Kraunelis leaves the lucky stiffs on B3 to Miss Babock and the Float.

Mary McGrady leaves an overflowing sterilizer to Dr. Yee with her compliments.

To fellow sufferers Kay Mollander leaves a cushion for the bench outside Miss Sleeper's office.

To Joan Woodbury goes Jean Barrows' Ry-Krisp figure.

The Extra 5c food ticket of which Kay Weare is the proud possessor was left her by Dot Jamrock.

Ginny Topolski leaves her well worn box of correcting pencils to the science department.

A BLI reward was left by Dot Ghisellini to the "Stork Club" of Baker 9.

Chris Christopher refuses to leave her Blond Ray to anyone.

A brand new shiny strong box was left to E.W. by Barbie Gray to keep those precious valuable slips in.

Kay Connery can now be seen coming down the main corridor in a new pair of duty shoes, complete with oars, left her by Bette Dame.

Dr. Clay is left bewildered with a stack of charge slips hastily left by Esther Reade from M.S.O.P.D.

Helen King leaves White 8 to any MGHers seeking an extra affiliation.

Many fond memories are left to the USN by Rita Shutts.

The well worn "Do Not Disturb" sign was given to the Nursing Arts Dept. by Jane Manuel to be given to anyone who can beat her record for sleeping in class.

Twenty-four milk bottles are left to the dining room by Ginnie Humphries.

Miss Fraser inherits many clear, shining spec bottles from Valerie Payne.

Jan Hudson Hinman leaves with our best wishes, to delve deeper into married life.

Rina Battistone leaves to publish her new book for probies entitled "Work an Hour, Sleep an Hour.

Vickie Gordon leaves a smile and a kind word for all MGH orderlies.

An extra pickle is left by Barbie Watson for the person purchasing the 5,483,983rd tomato and lettuce sandwich.

Margie Wood donates her multi-colored uniforms to the local ragman.

D. Tufts inherits a pint of chocolate ice-cream left by Marty Faulkner—the only pint Marty didn't eat at Minnie's.

Kay Monaghan leaves the Marines to anyone who will take them on and it's quite a job, eh Kay?

Sally Thorndike leaves her matchless wit and personality to E. Smith, who we know will carry on.

Minnie Sherman's curls go to S. Weatherbee along with her place in the Infirmary as Miss Fraser's star pupil.

A prize package goes to Miss Hinkley with the compliments of Ann Walsh—a walkie talkie to replace the telephone an White 8. No more of this mistaken identity explains Ann.

Ann Hall leaves her card to the students at the General who live along the North Shore and would like helicopter service home on their days off.

J. Campion is proudly displaying a pair of Adler shoes left to her by Barbie Fisher with her compliments, for altitude that is!

A brand new pair of Nylon water wings is left to the next Medical Float by Dolores Soderston.

Barbie Davis Brodie bequeaths her sec-

rets of the "ins" and "outs" to all underclassmen.

Adelaide Plumstead leaves her 462nd Vein ligation to Mary Geiser.

Dotty Laird leaves her good looks to her successor, Ruth Pastler.

Mary Melledy never did come back from that Vet Hospital in Illinois to leave anything.

June Provencal leaves her many coke bottles to the maid in Parkman E house.

Feeney's is left with an empty booth now that Maggie Krimmel and Ann Shultz have left for Penn.

Betty Anderson leaves her alarm clock to Renie Neidospal to get her up for the 5:45 mass on Sunday.

Regretfully Yvonne Withers leaves her Marine Hospital to the next fortunate cadet who heads south.

"All aboard for Allen's Alley" are the farewell words of Joan Allen as she boards the Canada bound train.

Jean Barker leaves her inimitable poise and charm to Marion Martel, who we know will use it to its full extent.

Pat Hallenbeck leaves a tepee to MGH as the beginning for the new Nurses Home—she brought it back from Arizona.

Maryola Warren leaves Miss Seibert a can of Diabetic Fruit along with a hunk and dribble of oleo.

Annia Lowe leaves her MIT boys to anyone who wants to be up and ATOM.

That typical American girl look is left to Pat Malloy by Bessie Pearson is who trading it in for one labeled Mrs. America.

Margie Blackwell leaves to prove to a certain theological student that the word of God is love.

"Leaves the nuts to the squirrels"...a new song by Helen Natti is left to anyone planning to specialize in Psychiatry.

Priscilla Marchant leaves her infectious giggle to Pete the utility man.

Louise Rosa leaves a traffic cop, a badly needed item in E.W.

A bucket of white paint is left to the Maintenance Dept. by Florence Sojka to repaint the 10-mile arrow pointing to WdG.

Ann Randall leaves tips on her reserved professional attitude to entering students.

Don't rush kids, orders will be taken for that handful of straw for your mattresses, a gift from Louise Roberts.

Glenna Clarke and Tedie Donovan McManus leave.....AMEN!

To anyone who desires it, Carolyn Luce leaves her "no alarm" clock, guaranteed to get its fortunate owner to classes—-15-40 minutes late, that is.

Polly Jaques made the startling statement that she will leave her latest book of cartoons entitled "It Can Happen Here", lovingly dedicated to all incoming classes.

Bobbie Watson, lone of all the perennial flowers in the always budding infirmary leaves.....WHEN?

To the relief of the Library Committee Charlie Gates leaves her discovery of how to keep reserved books on the shelves...why didn't anyone think of glue before?

Thoughtful Jean Greim donates another plush cushion for the well known, well worn, cold, hard bench.

To Miss Pooles, Elsie Tait leaves an abundant supply of 10 watt bulbs and an automatic milk of magnesia bottle top wiper.

Betty Payne leaves her weekly trips to the little church in Belmont to anyone in need of inspiration. How did she manage all those Sunday mornings off???

Joae Graham offers to paint a life size portrait of anyone who can accomplish the "feet" of wearing only one pair of duty shoes for three years.

With the hope of brightening Ward G Charlie Hammond leaves two cans of polka-dot paint guaranteed to blend with any ointment, paste or solution.

From the depths of Montana Sylvia Delfino bequeaths a bow and arrow to deliver ice cubes, drinking tubes, etc., to the East and West Solaria, saving wear and tear on the nurses.

Phyl Ashton leaves her book of sketches on the humorous, here at MGH entitled "Oh, My Achin' Back."

Peg Francketti leaves her supply of bottles (coke, of course) to any unfortunate soul in dire need of a few pennies.

Jean Murray would like to leave her famed "Fibber McGee" closet but honest kids, she can't get along without it.

To the probies who must endure the meat shortage, Doris Belcourt bequeaths a pair of golden horseshoes to be used as their class emblem.

After her thrilling experience in the D.K. Ruth Whiting decided to leave a gallon of artificial coloring to brighten the liquid without trays—nothing as attractive as lime green gruel.

Roz Peloquin in a benevolent mood be-

queaths her vast supply of case studies, one from every service, to anyone having difficulty writing said papers.

The pride of MGH students is the gift of Roz Clark, a bill authorizing that all overtime be made up to students.

Frankly Essie "the Ward Maid" Lane happily leaves McLean to all those who have patience with the patients.

From her tepee in Oklahoma, Marie Morrissette bequeaths her secret formula on "How to Graduate as an Affiliate of MGH."

Sirrka Koskinen and Ruth Pekkala, together as always leave their friends this motto—"Two can live as cheaply as one even if only for half as long."

To the dietitians in the nurses' cafeteria Harriet Small bequeaths an accurate stop-watch to get the door open promptly at 11:30 A.M. and 4:30 P.M.

With a great deal of foresight, Polly Cole leaves to the future W12 nurses, a parachute to be used when, in times of dire necessity, the elevator fails to reach such magnificent heights.

To Miss Brion, Janet Johnston bequeaths a special stop and go sign and a personally built robot traffic director to ease the monthly rush for checks.

To the first newly capped student who does not wear her cap in the tub or shower, Dottie Gass bequeaths a golden band to wear around it.

Jinx Iveney leaves a loud speaking system and a recording of "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" to replace the harsh buzzers that knock everyone out of bed at six a.m. in Walcott House.

To all interested in the MacDonald Success Course, Bobbi leaves her special formula —"Variety is the spice of life."

Frances Creedon says she is very sorry but she can't leave anything—she is still paying for the twenty-third 50cc syringe she has managed to break during the last three years.

To the students on B3, Janet Hamre bequeaths her original invention—the "pull 'em up in bed machine" to be used on the patients before the supervisor makes rounds.

On her return from Oklahoma, Irene McAndrew leaves her sketches for a new school uniform—black and blue reconverted flour sacks.

Dottie Moynihan takes her back rubbing technique with her—she had better!

Catherine Herrick leaves one large black unbrella to be placed beneath the leaky roof in the brick corridor.

For all future night nurses, Barbara Duggan leaves an extra large baseball bat to be used on the many happy children screaming beneath their windows during the day.

"To Each His Own" and the memory of that anniversary party at Ginny Sellers is ours.

Judy Bright leaves her Indiana accent to some of our Harvard Med. Students who would love to have it.

Diz Boynton leaves her prowess with the orthopedic drapes to future scrub nurses on the "saw-bones" service.

Ruth Carlson bequeaths her long braids to the neuro-surgeons for their nerve anastomoses.

Pat Dorr will gladly lend her sacro-iliac to anyone having difficulty fathoming the Rumba.

One smooth, soft, mattress has been awarded to B3 with the compliments of Peg Harrington. This is to be for student nurses only!

Cecile Littlefield leaves her smooth bangs to anyone who would care to look like Prince Valiant or a graduate of the Rubinstein Salon.

Dotty Perry leaves the patients and the wards to head for greener pastures—namely *the* Academy, New London.

Mary Pollard and Charlotte Poole leave their combined phone numbers to anyone who wants to enjoy their time off duty. Guaranteed results!

Rena Scanlon and Bea Taylor leave a deserted booth at McBride's, much to the management's dismay.

Dotty Ridlon gave that ever present plaid shirt to Dr. Crystal—all he needs now is a coonskin cap to go with it.

Palmer Davis Library now contains a basket of books, pamphlets, hints, and tips on Marriage collected from June Davidson, Edie Giesecke, Anita Humphries, and Marge Kenny.

Gladys Cullivan thankfully leaves 2cc of caffeine to anyone who scrubs on Dr. Cope's lengthy cases.

Rose Beaulieu leaves her angelic disposition to almost anyone—It's a rare thing to find.

For the next students assigned to the south end district, Helen Tiskevich and Alice Zeishner bequeath a book entitled "The Need for a Universal Language."

Natalie Taylor bequeaths her position as neuro scrub to anyone who has the "brain" for it.

Roberta Tebbets leaves a lump of maple sugar to the next sweetie from Vermont.

To the Path Lab, Betsy Van Voorhis wills her one lost lung—who "of cough" will miss it?

To Joe, of the Pharmacy, goes a gate to keep all student nurses out of the back door of the Pharmacy—this is with the compliments of Dotty Mottram.

Lois Wyman leaves a Ward Instruction Book with two hundred and fifty clinic hours which can be borrowed for the fee of 10c.

Maggie Lizzotte leaves a scholarship to anyone wishing to further their education at morning clinic.

Alyce DeLitta leaves for the prosperous city of "Attleboro" to instruct the 250 inhabitants health and hygiene for themselves and their cattle.

Norma Dunham leaves her night duties at the General to indulge in bigger and better night life.

Polly Forslind leaves a new recipe for jelly to the Dietary Dept. to replace the ever present cranberry skin special.

Joan Gustafson leaves her "pinup" pictures to the highest bidder, who also admires Van Johnson.

Barby Hofstra leaves a clean supply of desk blotters to Mrs. Brandt.

Janet Burdett leaves that dress with the monkeys on it to Virginia Delong, who can do something with it.

Marcia Jones, "the Maine-iac," leaves a complete suit of red flannels to the new probie from Maryland.

Peg Bishop leaves her Merry Melody Glee Club to K. Collins who also gets the position of composer, director, vocalist and manager!

Elaine Blaisdell leaves her ability to tell a Holstein from a Guernsey cow to anyone riding the rocky road to Ipswich with Sammy.

Shirley Bayliss took her good marks with her—sorry, kids.

Helen Asiala leaves to write an autobiography entitled "My Professional Attitude" or "How I Reached the Heights."

Helen Anderson leaves an engraved bar of Cuticura soap to wash out I.V. tubing before returning them to C.S.R.

The September Section leaves *that* table in the dining room to the new probies. Hoping those we leave behind will accept these tokens in good faith and will forget our past for these presents we bid fond adieu to you.

The Class of 1947

Acknowledgments

The staff of the 1947 Checks in behalf of the entire class of 1947 say thank you to:

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